

Fragile Face

by ashangel101010

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Summary: Set after season six. Waiting forever seems to be his true calling in life. He fills the darkness of time with dead things, riven his soul.

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><p>Suggested Theme:<p>

Main Theme- Waiting So Long by Silver Fins

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><p>Blue-chilled grass is dribbling red droplets of scarlet blood. Nature's strangled fingertips are coated with Man's war cry. The blood looks like indigo stars in the light of the moon; the moon is the only source of light here. He loves it here; the dark world with touches of light, a reflection of his current state of mind. The moonlight skims his soul in the deep recesses of his wilted heart. A scintilla in the void.<p>

He cannot ascertain time here since night is a constant. Yet, he is fine with not knowing. This place is a home away from all that he has ever known. Perhaps, he'll find his mother here. The demoness of magenta hair and flesh betwixt her teeth. She would love to rip apart her paper skirts through the thorny bramble; she would love to sink her teeth into jugulars of the monsters that roam this world. She is the Queen of Debauchery, and he is so like her. He is the Consort of Savagery.

Why is he here? His armor needs to be repaired, his clothes need to be mended, and his body needs to be purified. This world offers none

of those things, rather, it worsens his condition. Logic dictates he should leave, go back to wherever he came from. But he has forgotten the name of the place he came from. He has forgotten many things like the names of his friends and their lady loves.

_Riven and Musa _

Those two names are seared into him spiritually. He knows that if he ever forgot those two names then he'll be truly forsaken. There will be no redemption for him; he'll be like the monsters that he slays to kill his impatience. He knows that he's waiting for something. Was it for his long-lost mother? Was it for the King of All Monsters? Was it for love? He scoffs at love for he knows that he would repulse anyone who comes across him. Except for the monsters, they like coming around. He _loves_ taking the light from their eyes and filling them up with the darkness of the void. They become part of him in this way.

He closes his bellicose eyes and tilts his pale head back. He listens to the thrumming of his body, the fanatic dance of magic and adrenaline. He remembers a wraith of a girl, pale with hair like black silk and bluebell eyes. He opens his mouth for a threnody:

"_Looking back and morning comes, _

Don't find your face in your glass.

_Take the moonlight by the tail; _

It's a rainy sight, you're shading.

What is that, it's just the same.

_What is trying in your crown? _

_I'm spending in my glass, _

_Walking back. _

_So wear my glass, you're fading. _

_I'm waiting so longâ€¦| _

_I'm waiting so longâ€¦| _

_I'm waiting so longâ€¦| _

_I'm waitingâ€¦|. " _

Yes, he has been waiting for so long. And he'll keep waiting, keep killing these monsters. These monsters with blue-grey skin and hollow faces that want to eat him. He uses these monsters to quench his own hunger, the one in his stomach and the one in his mind. He's hollow like them, his skin has taken on a grey tint, but he can still recall the names. He treasures them more than the death he inflicts.

Riven and Musa

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><p>Author's Comments- It's been more than two months since I last wrote something for Winx Club. It's also been about eight months since I last wrote something about Riven. If you couldn't figure it out, this one-shot is all about Riven, or maybe what's left of him. It's funny because about two years ago I thought I would never be able to write about Riven because I couldn't figure out how to tackle his character, and the same could be said of Helia. _Berserk _most certainly helped me in writing those two; particularly with the song I mentioned in Main Theme for this one-shot. It's not necessary but you can also read "Time to Die" story which I pretty much use as my baseline for Riven's past and reference certain _ideas _from there for this story.

Honestly, I feel like the series should've ended after season four and maybe a movie to wrap everything up, but it continued. I hate season five for the most part, I sort of like season six because it wasn't as bad as season five, and season seven is only slightly better than season five but I'm not fond of it. When Musa and Riven broke up for I think the second or third time, I was a bit surprised but Riven went quietly and hasn't been seen since, which might be for the best since the show has stopped being interesting for me. I would like to believe that Riven is now free from the toddler-shackles of what _Winx Club _is now and can do whatever he wants. Which, for all intents and purposes of this story, is to kill a bunch of monsters and lose his humanity. Once again, I would highly recommend listening to the aforementioned song; it just matches what I view what Riven became after leaving the Specialists and Musa for good, hopefully.

End
file.